

On Stranger Tides by ReinbewPastel

Category: Pirates of the Caribbean (Movies), Pirates of the Caribbean: Jack Sparrow - Rob Kidd, Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe, Crossover, Gen, Pirates, The Upside Down, Young Jack Sparrow, jack sparrow books, pirates of the caribbean - Freeform, rob kidd, stranger things, the mind flayer - Freeform

Language: English

Characters: Arabella Smith, Constance Magliore, Fitzwilliam P. Dalton III, Jack Sparrow, Jean Magliore, Shadow Monster | Mind Flayer, Tumen, Young Jack Sparrow - Character

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-03-05

Updated: 2021-03-05

Packaged: 2022-04-01 18:08:16

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,441

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Young Jack Sparrow falls asleep after a long night of keeping watch aboard the Barnacle, but suddenly he wakes up to something very strange. POTC/Stranger Things X-over one-shot.

Fanfiction by me, Reinbew Pastel

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Author's Note:

(A/N: Look at the title. Haha get it? Ok I'll shut up. I had this story in my head for a few years and I only recently decided to actually write it out as a one-shot. So enjoy!)

Young Captain Jack Sparrow sat at the wheel upon a barrel as dawn broke. His eyes were half-lidded as his head drooped down before he startled himself awake. Of course, it was his turn to sit at the helm and keep watch of the *Barnacle* at night. He didn't mind as he was a bit of a night owl himself, but he was definitely not a morning person and he had to be up in the morning no matter how much sleep he got. He only ever allowed himself or any of his crew whose turn it was to stay up all night only about three hours of sleep in the morning so they could keep the ship in shape and be at alert in case they came upon another notorious pirate or another sea monster. Although that was a rule he made himself and at the vote of his crew, he still didn't like it as it would mean he would be tired and cranky for the whole day. No one liked a cranky Jack Sparrow.

The hatch sprung open, further startling Jack awake. Three sluggish boys came out onto the deck; Jean Magliore, whose dark brownish-red curly hair stuck up in all places, Fitzwilliam P. Dalton III, whose hair was only slightly untidy and creases went across his loose fitting shirt, and Tumen, whose hair was still tied back, causing lumps to form around his head. Constance, the cat Jean claimed was once his human sister, hopped up on deck after them, yowling and stretching.

"Good morning, Jack," Jean yawned, stretching his arms over his head.

Tumen went up to Jack. "I'm going to take the wheel. You go get some rest."

"Good," Jack yawned as he hopped off the barrel, handing the helm off to Tumen.

Jack walked down the deck to the hatch, which Fitzwilliam caught his attention before he went downstairs.

"By the way, Arabella is preparing breakfast in the galley," Fitzwilliam informed him.

Jack's lips curled into a smile, thinking about food.

Jack slipped down below deck, immediately hit with the smell of what was cooking. He veered right at the bottom of the stairs, pushing through the curtain separating the galley from the rest of the deck.

Arabella Smith stood at a little stovetop, stirring what looked to be some kind of gruel. Her auburn hair was tied back and away from her face as she cooked.

"Oh, good mornin', Jack," she greeted with a smile.

Jack lifted his nose in the air and took a deep breath. "Mm! That smells mighty tasty, Bell!"

"Aye! Burgoo!"

"*Burgoo?*"

"Ground up oatmeal," Arabella clarified.

"Ah," Jack nodded. He yawned again. "Well, I'm going to go shut my eyes for a bit."

"Don't ye want to wait until after ye eat?" Arabella asked.

"Wake me up when the food is ready," Jack said, waving her off as he turned and shut the curtain.

Jack went to the sleeping quarters, slipping off his boots and climbing in his bunk. He shut his eyes and before he knew it, he fell into a deep slumber with the air of oatmeal surrounding him.

Jack suddenly woke up. He felt like he hadn't been asleep for long, no more than a few minutes, but he was wide awake.

From the moment he opened his eyes, something did not feel right. The quarters felt much darker than before, and not just from all the lanterns and candles being out. The smell of fresh burgoo had disappeared. Instead, the smell of something dull and foul hung in the air.

Jack leapt down from his bunk and lit the nearest lantern. He picked it up and the flame danced around in the thick, foggy, blue-tinted air. Floating in the air around him were little specks of...what was it? Dust? Ash? Air particles? Spores?

Jack held the lantern up, getting a good look around the sleeping quarters. Upon observation, he found dark, thick overgrowth and vines everywhere. Crawling up the side of the ship, around the berths, and the chests the crew kept their belongings in. Even their treasure from Isla Esquelética that was strewn about was entangled in overgrowth.

"Uh...." Confused, Jack walked straight to the galley.

"Arabella, what in the Greater—" Jack swiftly pulled the curtain open...to find that Arabella wasn't there. The small vat she was cooking in sat on the stovetop empty, looking as if mold or rust grew upon it. He didn't know what was going on, but *strange* things were afoot aboard the mighty *Barnacle*.

Jack closed the curtain and decided to go up on deck to find the rest of his crew. Going up the stairs, Jack realized the steps creaked more than it usually would. He grabbed the handles of the hatch and pushed to open it, but the doors remained shut.

"Come on," Jack pressed with gritted teeth.

He pushed some more and finally pried the hatch open. A red light shone from above and the gust of wind blew against Jack's hair.

The *Barnacle's* captain stepped out onto the deck. The wooden

boards of the deck were already old as they were, but now they were moldy and vines ran across them. It felt as if the wood was about the collapse beneath his feet.

The skies above him were all various shades of red and covered in clouds. The sounds of thunder surrounded him as the clouds lit up with lightning.

"Hello?" Jack looked around, realizing none of his crew was there. No Arabella, no Fitzwilliam, no Jean, no Tumen, and not even Constance. It was like the *Barnacle* had been abandoned for decades—if not more.

Jack turned and wandered around the so-called ship. Vines ran across the deck onto the railing, and the overgrowth covered the helm and the wheel. All the lines, rigging, and rope were covered in moss. The roots crawled up the mast all the way to the top, where tendrils and moss hung from the yard. The sails were unfurled like how they were left, but they looked torn, moldy, lifeless, and decayed. The dark, almost black, water below him was very still as he barely felt any rocking of the ship.

Suddenly, a voice echoed to him.

"Jack?"

Jack whipped back around. "Hello? Who?"

"Jack!" The voice sounded like Arabella.

"Bell? Where are you?" Jack murmured.

"What's wrong with Jack?" Another voice echoed, this one sounding like Jean. "Is he sleep walking?"

"I think so. Wake him up," echoed Fitzwilliam.

"Are you sure he's sleep walking?" Tumen asked.

Jack couldn't tell where the voices were coming from. The voices sounded like they came from everywhere, like they were wrapping around him.

Jack looked back ahead at the red stormy sky, and what he saw horrified him. Coming upon the horizon within the storm was a massive shadow-like creature that stood more than fifty stories tall. The creature had multiple limbs that branched off into smaller appendages like vines, and it had an elongated head with no face. It was unlike any sea beastie he had ever seen. Jack's eyes went wide and his jaw dropped as his body began to feel cold.

"Jack! Snap out of it!" Arabella's voice echoed in the air again.

Jack shut his eyes tightly, wanting it all to go away.

"JACK!" Arabella's voice now sounded more present.

Jack's eyes shot open and everything was back to normal. He was standing on the exact spot he was just standing seconds before, now with his crew in front of him with concerned looks on their faces.

"Did you see that?" Jack breathlessly asked, his wide eyes darting around to his crew.

"See what?" asked Tumen.

"You sure do look pretty pale, *mon ami*," Jean pointed out.

"And you're sweating," Fitzwilliam added.

"Jack! What in the blazes is going on with ye?!" Arabella snapped. "I saw you get up and I followed you out to the deck, and ye started walking around and staring at things that weren't there." Arabella heard Jack mumble in his sleep a few times before, but she had never known him to be a sleep walker.

Jack quickly shook his head, trying to recover from what he just saw. "Um...uh.... I have no bloody idea what happened."

Arabella breathed a sigh. "Burgoo is ready. I'll serve ye up a bowl and you can go back to bed."

"Ah, yes! Back to bed...." Jack began to feel drowsy again, even more-so from the moment of terror he just felt. He wanted to go back to bed, but he knew he wouldn't be able to fall back asleep.

Author's Note:

(A/N: I don't know if how I wrote the Upside Down is actually accurate to the show as I last watched it back when season 3 was new, so forgive me about that.)